

THE RUGBY NEWS.

VOLUME I. RUGBY, MORGAN COUNTY, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891. NUMBER 10.

FAMILY FINANCIERING.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day. How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?"

"I know you will think it conceited and queer. But I do it because I'm a good financier."

"There's Pete, John, Jim and Joe, and William and Ned. A half dozen boys to be clothed up and fed."

"And I buy for them all good, plain victuals to eat; But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete."

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on, My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John."

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date, She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight."

"When for Jim they've become too ragged to fix, She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six."

"And when little Joseph can't wear 'em no more, She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four."

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do, She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two."

"So you see if I get enough clothing for Pete, The family is furnished with clothing complete."

"But when Ned has got through with the clothing, and when He has thrown it aside—what do you with it then?"

"Why, once more we go round, the circle complete, And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE GUTHERIDGE GIRLS.

Their Visit to Aunt Maria's and Its Happy Results.



SUPPOSE we will have to go to Aunt Maria's," said Dot, with a dolorously appealing glance at me, which I felt deeply, but to which I made no response. Fan shrugged her shoulders, and said, very emphatically: "I had rather stay at home!" "But it looks so poverty-stricken to stay in town all summer," pleaded Dot.

"Well," said Fan, bitterly, "we are poverty-stricken!"

It was lamentably true. We, Fan, Dot and myself, otherwise Agnes, are the "Guthridge girls." All our friends call us so, although it is many a long year since I crossed the boundary line between girlhood and womanhood. My mother died when I was but six years old, leaving me a small fortune in the hands of an honest trustee, who more than doubled its proportions before I came of age. When I was seventeen years old, my father married the prettiest little blue-eyed girl, only two years older than her step-daughter, and who evidently worshiped her handsome, elderly husband, in spite of the disparity of years between them. A year later, my twin-sisters were born, and christened Frances and Dora, speedily converted to Fan and Dot. Ten long years of happiness followed, before my dear, loving little step-mother died. We were a most united family, and my father's great wealth gave us every luxury, so that there was absolutely no cloud upon our happiness, until death came amongst us. Two years later, my father died, leaving a large property to be divided amongst us, and appointing James Trueman, his life-long friend, our guardian.

By the terms of his will, my sisters were to be considered of age at eighteen, and the property to be then divided. In the meantime, I was to superintend their education, take care of the house, and be in all things a second mother to them.

Just one week before their eighteenth birthday, James Trueman disappeared, carrying with him, it was presumed, all our property as well as that of some dozen or so of other people whose money he held in trust.

Down we came from our life of luxurious ease, with startling rapidity, to live upon my income, inherited from my mother, a comfortable independence for one woman, but found to be rather inadequate to meet all the wants of two girls brought up to have every wish granted.

Aunt Maria was not my aunt, but aunt to my little blue-eyed step-mother. She had a farm in Pennsylvania, where we had gone when the twins were children, and endured such martyrdom from her scolding and fault-finding that the memory was a kind of horror to us. Still, she had most kindly written every summer since to invite us to visit her, and it was really our "forlorn

hope," if we must escape the heat and dust of the city.

"Perhaps," said Dot, in a forlorn voice, "Aunt Maria won't scold us now that we are grown up."

"Perhaps not," I answered.

"Grown up!" said Fan, scornfully.

"Do you ever expect to grow up, Dot?"

For I must record here that, although they were twins, never were sisters more unlike than Fan and Dot. Fan

was tall, slender and graceful, with black hair and eyes, clear olive complexion and rare beauty of feature.

She was dignified in manner, rather cold to those with whom she was not very intimate, and had a well-stored mind and many graceful accomplishments.

Dot was petite, plump, blonde, as pretty as a fairy, with fluffy golden hair and blue eyes; impulsive and affectionate, scatter-brained, and with only such accomplishments as could be learned superficially. She sang like a bird, but Fan always had to play her accompaniments; she could draw and paint, if Fan touched up her efforts; she embroidered, if Fan drew her patterns; she danced like a sylph, and with her tiny figure and slender wrists could ride horses that Fan shrank from mounting, though Fan was a good horsewoman. To say that she ruled Fan and me completely gives but a feeble idea of the way she tyrannized over us.

"We must go somewhere," she said; "and as Aggie has turned stingy, we will go to Aunt Maria's."

So we went. Aunt Maria sent Jake with the spring-wagon to meet us, and Jake informed us:

"Been a railway smash here, an' Miss Maria's got one house full, I tell yer—fourteen of 'em, all hurted bad. Broken arms an' legs a plenty, an' mattresses on the floor; all the women in one room, an' all the men in the big summer parlor. 'You gals will have your old rooms, cos all the sick folks is down-stairs; but I reckon you'll have to eat slops, 'cause the whole store's kivered with beef-tea and gruel. I'm 'bout starved myself, though I ate six bowls o' gruel this morning. Couldn't find nothing else, 'cept custard, an' custard ain't fillin'."

This dolorous account was fully confirmed when we arrived at the house. Aunt Maria had no time to scold. With a corps of nurses recruited from all the neighboring farms, she was busy day and night amongst the sufferers, and we were at once enrolled as assistants in this volunteer hospital, in the women's ward. Dot came out with colors flying. Never was such a nurse. Where the child learned all her tender devices I can not imagine; but she was the sweetest, tenderest comforter of pain I ever saw. Fan was of little use. The sight of blood sickened her, and exposed wounds made her faint, and she was speedily detailed to amuse the convalescents.

We had been a month at the farm, when, one morning, I was in the kitchen, making some additions to Jake's bill of fare, when Fan came in.

"Agnes," she said, in a sort of breathless whisper, "who do you think came out on the porch this morning, his arm

es, and the doctor speaks only with his eyes."

"Oh!" I said, "I saw all that long ago; but you know, as well as I do, that Dot was a flirt before she was out of long clothes."

"She is not flirting now," said Fan, decidedly.

So I went back to my ward with my tray of delicacies and my eyes ready to catch any news that might cross their vision. Dot was reading aloud to one of the patients, her voice low and sweet, and her hands gently stroking the sufferer's hair. Dr. Erskine was quite at the other end of the room, busy with his professional duties.

There was nothing to alarm the most vigilant duenna, and I distributed my rations with a tranquil mind. But as I left the room with my empty tray, a strong hand took it from me, and Dr. Erskine, with a quiet "Allow me!" marched into the kitchen at my side.

Two love-stories in one day, with no more romantic surrounding than the pans and kettles of Aunt Maria's kitchen! It was charming! The doctor's wooing was very straightforward, and he told me he was quite aware that Miss Dora had lost all her fortune, but that she had consented to be his wife.

"I have a moderate income independent of a fair practice," he said, "and I can give your sister comfort if not luxury."

I kept Fan's discovery a secret, and gave the doctor a cordial consent, for I liked him from the first.

The weeks flew by until the last convalescent had left the old farm, and there were no funerals from amongst Aunt Maria's patients. Many pretty tokens of gratitude came to all of us before we turned our own steps homeward to prepare for the double wedding.

Dr. Erskine gave up his country practice, and consented to make one of the family in the home of our inheritance, large enough for us all. Here we settled, after Fan had conquered Horace's reluctance to return to his own city, the two fair brides only too glad to throw all housekeeping care upon me, the last as well as the first of the Guthridge girls.—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

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"Do you mean to tell me he has come to restore the money his father took?"

"What is left of it. We are not the only ones wronged, Agnes. But he has put every thing into John Grant's hands, and there is a large sum left. But he feels the disgrace so keenly, Aggie, that I think—we shall—go abroad."

"We!" I cried. "It seems to me you have got along pretty fast for one morning, Fan."

"How could I help it, when he is so much hurt. He needs some one to care for him, for his heart is sick as well as his body."

"H'm! Dot is a better nurse than you are."

"Oh, Aggie, I want to ask you—have you noticed Dr. Erskine?"

"Noticed him! Why he has been here three times a day ever since we came."

"He is very skillful?"

"Very?"

"Young?"

"About thirty, I should say!"

"Handsome?"

"Yes—so-so!"

"And he thinks Dot is the prettiest, dearest little nurse in the world; just fit for a doctor's wife!"

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SECRET OF ORIENTAL HAREMS.

Belief That Many English Women Might Be Found in Them.

Those who have lived in the East incline to think that European women could be found in most of the great harems if they were searched. Reviewing the circumstances, it seems too probable. If girls can be entrapped and spirited out of sight, never to reappear, by villains who have little money and no influence at command, a Prince of vast wealth would find it a very simple matter to secure one or a dozen. The thought is painful, but such possibilities become more probable every day, as science makes communication easier. Reflecting men may see another danger here for the peace of our Indian Empire. Some ten years ago two Circassian women escaped from a harem and took refuge in the Embassy at Pera. The incident was squashed and put out of sight as speedily as possible, the Sultan himself assisting, but the murmur of excited indignation which arose in this country was a warning. If one of these refugees had been English, or even European, no man can guess the consequences. That there are such in Constantinople is scarcely to be doubted.

But no sound from the harem of the renana or the purdah of a great Oriental noble reaches open air. In this nineteenth century, just as in any other since women were shut up, they remain at the mercy of their husbands or of a jealous head wife, whom perhaps he dare not punish. It is improbable that dreadful scenes occur in Turkey nowadays; those who have lived there and observed how strong is public opinion within its narrow circuit may well incline to doubt whether the horrors told by poets and romances were ever perpetrated. The secrecy of the harem has limits among Moslems. Turkish women are at least as much inclined to gad about as others, and if any special event occurs in any household it becomes a subject of gossip over the neighborhood in the briefest possible time. The Turks are tender-hearted, also, to a degree which seems exaggerated to the most compassionate of Europeans. But the restraining circuit of public opinion is impenetrable to the Ghiaour. All are leagued to hide a scandal or a crime from him. And the judgment of neighbors, however strong to repress evil conduct, has no authority to punish the deed done.

It is a most unsatisfactory state of things at best—hardly tenable in this age, when women even in Turkey begin to claim their "rights;" when "our own correspondent" would flash the news by telegraph over the whole world if a scandal came to light, and legions of English people will cry "Perish India!" if that stands in the way of vengeance when a fellow creature has been abused. Where is that Englishwoman who nursed Prince Murad in the early times of his alienation? Comfortable among her own folks, perhaps, or rich and content in his dreary palace. But the question used to be asked at Pera, what has become of those Europeans who used to dwell with Ismail Pasha unless society at Cairo was misinformed? They, also, we may hope, are comfortable or content. But it would be more satisfactory to know.

If we may be tolerably confident that women are not ill-treated in Turkey, there is no such assurance in Persia, or India, or elsewhere in the realms of polygamy. Regarding India, indeed, it is rumored that female slaves, at least, are shamefully abused by some of the great chiefs and feudatories. If confidential reports of the political agents were published a terrible outcry would follow. There is no need to mention names; the two worst offenders have been removed—that is, we hope they were the worst; and, we hope again, their successors are another sort. But so long as the purdah system remains there can be no certainty that women are not maltreated. They have less fear from their husbands perhaps than from inmates of their own sex in a higher position. Among the innumerable benefits to be expected from the admission of native ladies to the medical schools it is not the least, assuredly, that intelligent witnesses, trained in our occidental notions of woman's rights, will get an opportunity of spying the secrets of the purdah.—St. James' Gazette.

A Philosopher.

Mamma—If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you'll see the Bogie-man to-night.

Tommy (after a woman's thought)—Well, give me some more. I might as well settle my mind about that story right away!—Puck.

She Meant to be Sympathetic.

Kind Old Lady—And so you are blind, my poor man?

Poor Man—Yessum. I was born blind.

Kind Old Lady (shocked)—Born blind!

Is it possible? How you must feel the loss of your eyesight.—Texas Siftings.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It is believed in Florida that rice culture is to become a profitable pursuit in that country.

—It is stated that the great soda deposits of Wyoming have been sold to a party of English and French capitalists for \$2,000,000.

—They are now raising English walnuts out in California, and single trees yield \$20 worth of nuts, which is far better than can be done in England.

—The wholesale price of whalebone is now \$10,000 a ton. A project is on foot to organize whaling expeditions from Australia to the Antarctic seas, where it is believed plenty of whales are to be found. It is an almost untouched whaling ground.—Scientific American.

—From an official document just published Italy is the greatest consumer in Europe of English coals. The following is the proportion of coals provided yearly for the principal powers: Italy, 1,465,690 tons; France, 757,829 tons; Germany, 903,957 tons; Russia, 618,937 tons; Spain, 724,973 tons.

—M. Prouho has been studying the sense of smell in star-fishes, and concludes that these animals, when excited by the presence of a bait, are guided by sensations perceived by the ends of their arms. The sense of smell is not diffuse in star-fishes, but is localized in the suckers, useless for locomotion, situated at the back of the eye-plate.

—Ingenious machines for the various operations of manufacturing matches have been in use in Scandinavia for some time, and more are expected. Machines for packing the matches have recently been introduced; one of these, the invention of two young Norwegian engineers, having a capacity of 1,000 boxes per minute.

—Thumping or knocking in a piece of machinery is often hard to locate, and the following has been suggested as a means of discovering the difficulty. A rubber tube about a yard long is used, one end of which is placed in the ear, and the other end passed over the suspected spots. The vibrations from all other parts than the one covered being excluded, it is said to be an easy matter to find the jarring noise.

—Dr. McPherson states that it has been conclusively proven that distilled water is of a blue color. A demonstration of the fact may be had by lowering into water a metal tube, open at the top and closed at the bottom, with a clear glass plate, close to a white object twenty feet below the surface. Looked at through the tube this object has a beautiful blue color, whereas it would appear yellow if its color were due to light reflected by suspended particles in the water.

—It is only during the last few decades of this age that we have become accurately acquainted with the nature and works of those minute living forms which we now designate as micro-organisms, microbes, germs or bacteria. For much of this knowledge, and more especially for the ground work of it, we are indebted to the indefatigable energy and masterly genius of Louis Pasteur, whose name is so familiar in every corner of the globe where civilization has made itself felt.

—It is generally taught that the domestic cat was first domesticated in Egypt, the Greeks and Romans not possessing it, and that the cat was not known to have lived in Italy earlier than about nine centuries before the Crusades. Rolleston claimed that the domestic cat of the Greeks and Romans was a marten. Virchow, having examined the mummies of Egyptian cats, find that they had nothing in common with our household pet, and that the Egyptian cat was simply a tame creature, or domesticated savage, like the monkey or gazelle.—N. Y. Independent.

—Prof. F. W. Putnam, the well-known permanent secretary of the American Association, recently made an interesting discovery which furnishes fresh evidence in support of the theory that man in America was contemporaneous with the mammoth. In a communication to the Boston Society of Natural History, Prof. Putnam describes a shell found by him in the State of Delaware. Upon a portion of this shell is scratched the rude outline of what without doubt represents a mammoth. The shell was found under peat, and near by were human bones, charcoal, bones of animals and stone implements.—Philadelphia American.

A Sad State of Affairs.

Mr. Newlywed (finding his wife in tears)—Why, my own precious, what's the matter?

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping piteously)—O, George, my heart will break. Mrs. Cohen, the old-clothes woman, is down stairs.

Mr. Newlywed—Well, there is nothing so very bad in that; is there?

Mrs. Newlywed—Y-y-yes, but all your clothes are too new to sell.—American

DOT WAS READING ALOUD.

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